

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES THIS MOMENTOUS QUESTION

The Kind of Life That Is Not Worth Living and the Kind That Opens Into Eternity. The Struggle for Wealth, Position and Happiness.

In this sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject vital to all, and never more timely than now, when the struggle for power, position, wealth and happiness is so absorbing. The text is James iv, 14, "What is your life?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Solomon in his unhappy moments, says it is not true. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion on the question to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blows from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or on western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say, "No." And then the would-be answer of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the noes would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, "It all depends upon the kind of life you live."

MONEY GETTING.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest man in this country is the miser. There is not a miser on Broadway or on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the bell ring. Others decide that they are not responsible for my temperment. God gave me that. But here I am in the evening of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body, which is a divinely created structure. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

Here is a world which after 6,000 years of battling with tempest and accident still stands more than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantle of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantle of the night. Yea, I have the 200 years which define the inventory of values—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics, a book with leather cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by old personal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have 50 years for a life time, 60 years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years—that will bring me to 80. I must remember that these 50 years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my

name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

WORLDLY APPROVAL.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, hatred and malediction actually fill up, gallon above gallon, hoghead above hoghead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean, and yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get stoned and abused cheaper than that. Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in this matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get ahead, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth is a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their liberality as the night is famous for its darkness, who in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of dissipation to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their liberality by the yard, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth is a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their liberality as the night is famous for its darkness, who in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of dissipation to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

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ALL DEAD FAILURES.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil, is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle or how many garlands you send to that grave. You need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my sins. Others decided that they are not responsible for my temperment. God gave me that. But here I am in the evening of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body, which is a divinely created structure. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others."

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the

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responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God and that for the sake of his son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here I have 60 years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next 60 years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next 60 years? I will try. God help me.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is persecuted. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He fails, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of the Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80 years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The father goes to the winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The father is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good woman. He prays for her, and he praiseth her.

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severe, and the calculations are closer, and under those two boys get the education there is a winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The father is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good woman. He prays for her, and he praiseth her.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburgh Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homelike and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every true Christian thought of her he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the housewife—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five daughters. They are all dead. The father is recognized all over the land as a saint. But before the father is ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother, taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one

question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SPORT.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman writes an article on "Sports in the Seventeenth Century" for the Century, which has several papers devoted to the hunting of big game. Mr. Baillie-Grohman, speaking of some of the old records of the chase, says: "One of the most interesting records of this kind is a manuscript folio volume of 370 pages, gorgeously bound in green velvet, with solid gold clasps, which is the list of game killed and deer by John George I., Elector of Saxony, the foremost sportsman of his century. It is supposed to be mostly in his own handwriting, and forms one of the treasures of the royal library at Dresden. From this punctiliously kept shooting diary we learn that between July 11, 1611, and the day of his death, January 12, 1656, this Nimrod and his suite bagged 10,800 head of game, made up of the unprecedented total of 47,238 red deer, 31,745 wild boars, 102 bears, 84 wolves, etc., the twenty-nine heaver enumerated among the smaller animals, making up the balance, being, perhaps, the most interesting, as showing the prevalence of an animal at present almost extinct in Europe.

The great weight of some of the stags, boars and bears brought to book by the elector is as surprising as the enormous number of deer. Today red deer are scarce in three hundred pounds avoirdupois, with the exception, perhaps, of Hungarian red deer, considered unusually large animals. Indeed, Storch deer, weighing (clean) are to-day next to unknown. How much, therefore, must the elector have degenerated when we read of his animals! Indeed, Storch deer, weighing over 50 pounds avoirdupois, and bear that he shot 4,139 stags which weighed over 450 pounds! The antlers of these animals were in proportion to their bulk. Every sportsman knows that today red deer antlers bearing more than fourteen times are exceedingly rare. How one wishes one's self back in the elector's days when the deer were so numerous and the stags so large! The elector's deer, according to which he bagged thirty-nine stags of twenty points and upward, and 1,753 bears of ten points and upward—New York Mail and Express.

A useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

ANOTHER FAMINE IN PROSPECT.

(Boston Post.) It looks as if there would be distress in Ireland during the coming winter. According to reports from widely separated parts of that island, the failure of crops has been general and the prices of provisions are rising. The inclement season has destroyed much of the grain, and the potato crop is reported in some districts as ruined and in many more as badly damaged. This means a great deal more to us here in America than the famine in Asia. Ireland is close at our door; many of our citizens are of her people; distress in Ireland is almost distress in the American household. And it means even more to England. In these days, whatever may happen in distant India, it would be a universal scandal were famine to seize upon Ireland. This is a matter with which the British government cannot deal too quickly or too liberally.

More than 270 people patronized the free public bath houses of Boston last month.

C. F. & Y. V.

Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railway

Schedule in Effect May 30th, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE WILMINGTON.

DAILY. Arrive Fayetteville 3:35 p. m., 12:35 p. m. Sanford 5:32 p. m., Ore Hill 5:52 p. m., Greensboro 7:25 p. m., Mt. Airy 8:50 p. m., Winston 9:30 p. m., Salisbury 10:30 p. m., Charlotte 11:30 p. m., Atlanta 12:30 p. m., Danville 12:50 p. m., Lynchburg 1:55 a. m., Charlottesville 3:35 a. m., Washington 6:42 a. m., Baltimore 8:30 a. m., Philadelphia 10:15 a. m., New York 12:45 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE WILMINGTON.

DAILY. From New York, Philadelphia, 4:30 p. m., Baltimore, Washington, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville, Mt. Airy, Winston, Salisbury, Charlotte, Knoxville, Asheville, Salisbury, Atlanta, Charlotte and all points North, South and West.

LOCAL FREIGHT TRAIN NO. 8.

Leave Wilmington 2:55 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 5:10 p. m., Passenger Coach attached to this train. W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.



TO ALL POINTS.

NORTH, SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST

Schedule in Effect May 30, 1897.

Train 41—Leaves Wilmington 3:20 p. m., arrives Lumberton 5:25 p. m., Pembroke 6:35 p. m., Sanford 6:55 p. m., Lenoir 7:15 p. m., Hamlet 7:35 p. m., connects at Hamlet with train 42 for Charlotte and Atlanta, and with train 402 for Portsmouth, Richmond, Washington and points North. For car from Wilmington to Charlotte.

Train 41—Leaves Portsmouth 8:20 a. m., arrives Weldon 10:40 a. m., Raleigh 11:30 a. m., Sanford 12:35 p. m., Hamlet 1:35 p. m., Rockingham 2:35 p. m., Wadesboro 3:35 p. m., Monroe 4:35 p. m., Charlotte 5:35 p. m., Lincolnton 6:35 p. m., Shelby 7:35 p. m., Rutherfordton 8:35 p. m., Athens 9:35 p. m., Atlanta 10:35 p. m., connects at Atlanta for all points South and West. Pullman sleeper, Portsmouth to Nashville, Tenn.

Train 402—Leaves Washington 4:10 p. m., Richmond 5:55 p. m., Portsmouth 6:45 p. m., arrives Weldon 11:10 p. m., Raleigh 12:10 p. m., Sanford 1:10 p. m., Hamlet 2:10 p. m., Rockingham 3:10 p. m., Wadesboro 4:10 p. m., Monroe 5:10 p. m., Charlotte 6:10 p. m., Lincolnton 7:10 p. m., Shelby 8:10 p. m., Rutherfordton 9:10 p. m., Athens 10:10 p. m., Atlanta 11:10 p. m., connects at Atlanta for all points South and West. Pullman sleeper, Washington to Atlanta, and Portsmouth to Charlotte.

Train 32—Leaves Hamlet 7:15 p. m., arrives Laurinburg 8:45 a. m., Maxton 9:05 a. m., Pembroke 9:25 a. m., Lumberton 9:45 a. m., Wilmington 10:05 noon, connects at Hamlet with trains from Washington, Portsmouth, Charlotte and Atlanta. For car from Charlotte to Wilmington.

Train 402—Leaves Atlanta 1:00 p. m., arrives Athens 3:15 p. m., Monroe 9:30 p. m., leaves Rutherfordton 4:35 p. m., arrives Shelby 5:55 p. m., Lincolnton 6:55 p. m., Charlotte 7:55 p. m., Monroe 8:55 p. m., Wadesboro 9:55 p. m., Rockingham 10:55 p. m., Sanford 11:55 p. m., Hamlet 12:55 p. m., Weldon 1:55 p. m., Raleigh 2:55 p. m., Portsmouth 3:55 p. m., arrives Washington 4:55 p. m., connects at Washington for all points North and West. Pullman sleepers, Atlanta to Washington and Chester to Portsmouth.

Train 15—Leaves Hamlet 7:15 p. m., arrives Gibson 8:10 p. m., returning, leaves Gibson 7:00 a. m., arrives Hamlet 7:50 a. m., Train 17—Leaves Hamlet 8:40 a. m., arrives Cheraw 10:00 a. m., returning, leaves Cheraw 5:00 p. m., arrives Hamlet 6:20 p. m.

All trains daily except Nos. 17 and 18. Trains make immediate connections at Atlanta for Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Texas, California, Mexico, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, Macon, Florida.

For Tickets, Sleepers, etc., apply to THOS. D. MEARES, Gen'l Agent, Wilmington, N. C. Vice President and Gen'l Manager, H. W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager, V. E. McKEE, Gen'l Superintendent, T. J. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, General Offices, Portsmouth, Va.

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From Wilmington for Georgetown. S S BENEFACTOR...Tuesday, Sep. 14 S S DELEWATER...Tuesday, Sep. 21

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Schedule in Effect August 15th, 1897.

Departures from Wilmington.

NORTHBOND.

DAILY No. 45—Passenger—Due Mag. 8:35 a. m. N. m. 10:50 a. m., Warsaw 11:30 a. m., Goldsboro 11:55 a. m., Wilson 12:45 p. m., Rocky Mount 1:30 p. m., Tarboro 2:30 p. m., Weldon 3:30 p. m., Petersburg 4:30 p. m., Richmond 5:30 p. m., Norfolk 6:30 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 6:35 a. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 46—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 47—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 48—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 49—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 50—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 51—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 52—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

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DAILY No. 56—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 57—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 58—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 59—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 60—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:05 p. m., Tarboro 11:55 p. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Norfolk 1:45 p. m., Petersburg 2:45 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Washington 11:10 p. m. except Sunday. This train leaves Weldon 7:15 p. m., Boston 3:30 p. m.

DAILY No. 61—Passenger—Due Mag. 7:15 p. m. N. m. 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:30 p. m